Stupidly, after a good session of work, not making up my mind to go to bed yet, I go back to reading Conrad, then Spenser again—and this considerably upsets my night. Great trouble going to sleep afterward, and for a sleep all shot full of holes.

Rather good work all these last days; I interrupt this journal, which is reduced to the dull notation of facts. Good solely as a way of getting into the habit of writing.